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een, who left the convent in which she has been educated for the bridal altar. M^{me} George Sand asked this question: which of the two is guilty of the greatest stupidity: an old man who marries a young wife, or an old woman who marries a young husband? M. Alex. Dumas, Jr., replied: When an old man takes a young wife he must expect everything; but when an old woman takes a young husband she ought to expect nothing.

The French Company is busily engaged rehearsing "Don Juan d'Autriche," for the first appearance of M. Febvre.

M. Choeicki (better known as Charles Edmond, a Pole, patronized by Prince Napoleon as librarian of the Senate and dramatic author,) has married M^{lle} Julie Frederick.

M. Jules Moineaux has read at the Varieties a play in one act, "L'Amour au Metre," for M^{lle} Silly and the new comic actor Aurele.

Messingranger and Lambert Thiboust have read to the actors of the Palais Royal Theatre a vaudeville, "Le Pays des Chansonnettes." Fifteen actors will appear in it.

It was feared, for some days, Batty, the lion-tamer, would die of the wounds recently received from a lioness; gangrene threatened to supervene for forty-eight hours; he is in a fair way of recovery.

LOTTA SCHMIDT.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

For a few moments there was perfect silence in the room, and the musician still kept his seat with his face turned upon his instrument. He knew well that he had succeeded, that his triumph had been complete, and every moment that the applause was suspended was an added jewel to his crown. But it soon came, the loud shouts of praise, the ringing bravos, the striking of glasses, his own name repeated from all parts of the hall, the clapping of hands, the sweet sound of woman's voices, and the waving of white handkerchiefs. Herr Crippel stood up, bowed thrice, wiped his face with a handkerchief, and then sat down on a stool in the corner of the orchestra.

"I don't know much about his being too old," said Carl Stobel.

"Nor I either," said Lotta.

"That is what I call music," said Marie Weber.

"He can play the zither, certainly," said Fritz; "but as to the violin, it is more doubtful."

"He is excellent with both—with both," said Lotta, angrily.

Soon after that the party got up to leave the hall, and as they went out they encountered Herr Crippel.

"You have gone beyond yourself to-night," said Marie, "and we wish you joy."

"O no. It was pretty good was it? With the zither it depends mostly on the atmosphere; whether it is hot or cold, or wet or dry, or on I know not what. It is an accident if one plays well. Good night to you. Good night, Lotta. Good night, sir." And he took off his hat, and bowed—bowed, as it were, expressly to Fritz Planken.

"Herr Crippel," said Lotta, "one word with you." And she dropped behind from Fritz, and returned to the musician. "Herr Crippel will you meet me at Sperl's to-morrow night?"

"At Sperl's? No I do not go to Sperl's any longer, Lotta. You told me that Marie's friend was coming to night; but you did not tell me of your own."

"Never mind what I told you or did not tell you. Herr Crippel will you come to Sperl's to-morrow?"

"No; you would not dance with me, and I should not care to see you dance with any one else."

"But I will dance with you."

"And Plankin will be there?"

"Yes; Fritz will be there! He is always there. I cannot help that."

"No, Lotta; I will not go to Sperl's. I will tell you a little secret. At forty-five one is too old for Sperl's."

"There are men there every Sunday over fifty—over sixty, I am sure."

"They are men different in their ways of life from me my dear. No, I will not go to Sperl's. When will you come and see my mother?"

Lotta promised that she would go and see the Frau Crippel before long, and then tripped off and joined her party.

Stobel and Marie had walked on, while Fritz remained a little behind for Lotta.

"Did you ask him to come to Sperl's to-morrow?" he said.

"To be sure I did."

"Was that nice of you, Lotta?"

"Why not nice? Nice or not, I did it. Why should not I ask him, if I please?"

"Because I thought I was to have the pleasure of entertaining you—that it was a little party of my own."

"Very well, Herr Plankin," said Lotta, drawing himself a little away from him; "if a friend of mine is not welcome at your little party, I certainly shall not join it myself."

"But, Lotta, does not every one know what it is that Crippel wishes of you?"

"There is no harm in his wishing. My friends tell me I am very foolish not to give him what he wishes. But I still have the chance."

"Oh yes; no doubt you still have the chance."

"Herr Crippel is a very good man. He is the best son in the world, and he makes two hundred florins a month."

"O, if that is to count!"

"Of course it is to count. Why should it not count? Would the Princess Theresa have married the other day if the young Prince had had no income to support her?"

"You can do as you please Lotta."

"Yes, I can do as I please, certainly. I suppose Adela Bruhl will be at Sperl's to-morrow?"

"I should say so, certainly. I hardly ever knew her to miss her Sunday evening."

"Nor I. I, too, am fond of dancing—very. I delight in dancing. But I am not a slave to Sperl's, and then I do not care to dance with every one."

"Adela Bruhl dances very well," said Fritz.

"That is as one may think. She ought to; for she begins at ten, and goes on till two, always. If there is no one nice for dancing she puts up with some one that is not nice. But all that is nothing to me."

"Nothing, I should say, Lotta."

"Nothing in the world. But this is something; last Sunday you danced three times with Adela."

"Did I? I did not count."

"I counted. It is my business to watch those things, if you are to be ever anything to me, Fritz. I will not pretend that I am indifferent. I care very much about it. Fritz, if you dance to-morrow with Adela, you will not dance with me again—either then or ever." And having uttered this threat she ran on and found Marie, who had just reached the door of the house in which they both lived.

Fritz, as he walked home by himself, was in no doubt as to the course which it would be his duty as a man to pursue in reference to the lady whom he loved. He had distinctly heard that lady ask an old admirer of hers to go to Sperl's and dance with her; and yet within ten minutes afterwards, she had peremptorily commanded him not to dance with another girl! Now, Fritz Plankin had a very good opinion of himself, as he was well entitled to have, and was quite aware that other pretty girls besides

Lotta Schmidt were within his reach. He did not receive two hundred florins a month, as did Herr Crippel, but then he was five-and-twenty instead of five-and-forty; and, in the matter of money, too, he was doing pretty well. He did love Lotta Schmidt. It would not be easy for him to part with her. But she, too, loved him,—as he told himself, and she would hardly push matters to extremities. At any rate he would not submit to a threat. He would dance with Adela Bruhl, at Sperl's. He thought, at least, that when the time should come, he would find it well to dance with her.

Sperl's dancing saloon, in the Tabor Strasse, is a great institution at Vienna. It is open always of a Sunday evening, and dancing then commences at ten, and is continued till two or three o'clock in the morning. There are two large rooms, in one of which the dancers dance, and in the other the dancers, and visitors who do not dance, eat, and drink, and smoke continually. But the most wonderful part of Sperl's establishment is this, that there is nothing to offend any one. Girls dance and men smoke, and there is eating and drinking, and everybody is as well behaved as though there was a protecting phalanx of dowagers sitting around the wall of the saloon.

There are no dowagers, though there may probably be a policeman somewhere about the place. To a stranger it is very remarkable that there is no little of what we call flirting—almost none of it. It would seem that to the girls dancing is so much a matter of business, that here at Sperl's they can think of nothing else. To mind their steps—and at the same time their dresses, lest they should be trod upon—to keep full pace with the music, to make all the proper turns, at every proper time, and to have the foot fall on the floor at the exact instant; all this is enough without further excitement. You will see a girl dancing with a man as though the man were a chair, or a stick, or some necessary piece of furniture. She condescends to use his services, but as soon as the dance is over she sends him away. She hardly speaks a word to him, if a word! She has come there to dance, and not to talk; unless indeed, like Marie Weber and Lotta Schmidt, she has a recognized lover there of her very own.

At about half past ten Marie and Lotta entered the saloon, and paid their kreutzers, and sat themselves down on seats in the father saloon, from which, through open archways, they could see the dancers. Neither Carl nor Fritz had come as yet, and the girls were quite content to wait. It was to be presumed that they would be there before the men, and they both understood that the real dancing was not commenced early in the evening. It might be all very well for such as Adela Bruhl to dance with any one who came at ten o'clock, but Lotta Schmidt would not care to amuse herself after that fashion. As to Marie, she was to be married after another week, and of course she would dance with no one but Carl Stobel.

"Look at her," said Lotta, pointing with her foot to a fair girl, very pretty, but with hair somewhat untidy, who at this moment was waltzing in the other room. "That lad is a waiter from the Minden Hotel. I know him. She would dance with any one."

"I suppose she likes dancing, and there is no harm in the boy," said Marie.

"No, there is no harm, and if she likes it I do not begrudge it to her. See what red hands she has."

"She is of that complexion," said Marie.

"Yes, she is pretty. There is no doubt she is pretty. She is not a native here. Her people are from Munich. Do you know, Marie, I think girls are always thought more of in other countries than in their own."

Soon after this Carl and Fritz came together, and Fritz as he passed across the end of the first

saloon, spoke a word or two to Adela. Lotta saw this, but determined that she would take no offence at so small a matter. Fritz need not have stopped to speak, but his doing so might be all very well. At any rate, if she did quarrel with him she would quarrel on a plain, intelligible ground. Within two minutes Carl and Marie were dancing, and Fritz had asked Lotta to stand up.

"I will wait a little," said she, "I never like to begin much before eleven."

"As you please," said Fritz; and he sat down in the chair which Marie had occupied. Then he played with his cane, and as he did so his eyes followed the steps of Adela Bruhl.

"She dances very well," said Lotta.

"H—m—m, yes," Fritz did not choose to bestow any strong praise on Adela's dancing.

"Yes, Fritz, she does dance well—very well indeed. And she is never tired. If you ask me whether I like her style, I cannot quite say that I do. It is not what we do here—not exactly."

"She has lived in Vienna since she was a child."

"It is in the blood then, I suppose. Look at her fair hair, all blowing about. She is not like one of us."

"O no, she is not."

"That she is very pretty I quite admit," said Lotta. "Those grey eyes are delicious. Is it not a pity she has no eyebrows?"

"But she has eyebrows."

"Ah! you have been closer than I, and you have seen them. I have never danced with her, and I cannot see them. Of course they are there—more or less."

After awhile the dancing ceased, and Adela Bruhl came up into the supper room, passing the seats on which Fritz and Lotta were sitting.

"Are you not going to dance, Fritz," she said, with a smile, as she passed them.

"Go, go, said Lotta; "Why do you not go? She has invited you."

"No; she has not invited me. She spoke to us both."

"She did not speak to me, for my name is not Fritz. I do not see how you can help going, when she asked you so prettily."

"I shall be in plenty of time presently. Will you dance now, Lotta? They are going to begin a waltz, and we will have a quadrille afterwards."

"No, Herr Planken, I will not dance just now."

"Herr Planken is it? You want to quarrel with me then, Lotta."

"I do not want to be one of two. I will not be one of two. Adela Bruhl is very pretty, and I advise you to go to her. I was told only yesterday her father can give her fifteen hundred florins of fortune! For me—I have no father."

"But you may have a husband to-morrow."

"Yes, that is true, and good one. O, such a good one!"

"What do you mean by that?"

"You go and dance with Adela Bruhl, and you shall see what I mean."

Fritz had some idea in his own mind, more or less clearly developed, that his fate, as regarded Lotta Schmidt, now lay in his own hands. He undoubtedly desired to have Lotta for his own. He would have married her, there and then—at that moment, had it been possible. He had quite made up his mind that he preferred her much to Adela Bruhl, though Adela Bruhl had fifteen hundred florins. But he did not like to endure tyranny, even from Lotta, and he did not know how to escape the tyranny than by dancing with Adela. He paused a moment swinging his cane, endeavoring to think how he might best assert his manhood and yet not offend the girl he loved. But he found to assert his manhood was now his first duty.

"Well, Lotta," he said, "since you are so cross with me, I will ask Adela to dance." And

in two minutes he was spinning round the room with Adela Bruhl in his arms.

"Certainly she dances very well," said Lotta, smiling, to Marie, who had now come back to her seat.

"Very well," said Marie, who was out of breath.

"And so does he."

"Beautifully," said Marie.

"Is it not a pity that I should have lost such a partner forever?"

"Lotta!"

"It is true. Look here Marie, there is my hand upon it. I will never dance with him, again—never—never. Why was he so hard upon Herr Crippel last night?"

"Was he hard upon Herr Crippel?"

"He said that Herr Crippel was too old to play the zither; too old! Some people are too young to understand. I shall go home, I shall not stay to sup with you to-night."

"Lotta, you must stay for supper."

"I will not sup at his table. I have quarrelled with him. It is all over. Fritz Planken is as free as the air for me."

"Lotta, do not say anything in a hurry. At any rate do not do anything in a hurry."

"I do not mean to do anything at all. It is simply this—I do not care very much for Fritz after all. I don't think I ever did. It is all very well to wear your clothes nicely, but if that is all, what does it come to? If he could play the zither now!"

"There are other things except playing the zither. They say he is a good book-keeper."

"I don't like bookkeeping. He has to be at his hotel from eight in the morning till eleven at night."

"You know best."

"I am not so sure of that. I wish I did know best. But I never saw such a girl as you are. How you change! It was only yesterday you scolded me because I did not wish to be the wife of your dear friend Crippel."

"Herr Crippel is a very good man."

"You go away with your very good man! you have not a good man of your own. He is standing there, like a gander on one leg. He want you to dance, go away: go away."

Then Marie did go away, and Lotta was left alone by herself. She certainly had behaved badly to Fritz and she was aware of it. She excused herself to herself by remembering that she had never yet given Fritz a promise. She was her own mistress, and had, as yet, a right to do what she pleased with herself. He had asked her for her love, and she had told him that he should not have it. That was all. Herr Crippel had asked her a dozen times, and she had at last told him definitely, positively, that there was no hope for him. Herr Crippel of course, would not ask her again;—so she told herself.

But if there was no such person as Herr Crippel in all the world, she would have nothing more to do with Fritz Planken—nothing more to do with him as a lover. He had given her fair ground for a quarrel, and she would take advantage of it.

Then as she sat still while they were dancing, she closed her eyes and thought of the zither and of the zitherist. She remained alone for a long time. The musicians in Vienna will play a waltz for twenty minutes and the same dancers will continue to dance almost without a pause; and then, almost immediately a quadrille. Fritz, who was resolved to put down tyranny stood up with Adela for the quadrille also.

"I am so glad," said Lotta to herself. "I will wait till this is over, and then I will say good night to Marie, and will go home." Three or four men had asked her to dance, but she had refused. She would not dance to-night at all. She was inclined, she thought, to be a little serious and would go home. At last Fritz returned to her, and bade her come to supper. He was resolved to see how far this mode of casting off

tyranny might be successful, so he approached her with a smile, and offered to take her to his table as though nothing had happened.

"My friend," she said, "your table is laid for four, and the places will all be filled."

"The table is laid for five," said Fritz.

"It is one too many. I shall sup with my friend, Herr Crippel."

"Herr Crippel is not here."

"Is he not? Ah me! then I shall be alone, and I must go to bed supperless. Thank you, no, Herr Planken."

"And what will Marie say?"

"I hope she will enjoy the nice dainties you will give her. Marie is all right. Marie's fortune is made. Woe is me! my fortune is to seek. There is one thing certain,—it is not to be found here in this room."

Then Fritz turned on his heel and went away; and as he went Lotta saw the figure of a man, as he made his way slowly and hesitatingly into the saloon from the outer passage. He was dressed in a close frock-coat, and had on a hat of which she knew the shape as well as she did the make of her own gloves. "If he has not come after all!" she said to herself. Then she turned herself a little round, and drew her chair somewhat into an archway, so that Herr Crippel should not see her readily.

The other four had settled themselves at their table, Marie having said a word of reproach to Lotta as she passed. Now, on a sudden, she got up from her seat and crossed to her friend.

"Herr Crippel is here," she said.

"Of course he is here," said Lotta.

"But you did not expect him?"

"Ask Fritz if I did not say I would sup with Herr Crippel. You ask him. But I shall not all the same. Do not say a word. I shall steal away when nobody is looking."

The musician came wandering up the room, and had looked into every corner before he had even found the supper-table at which the four were sitting. And then he did not see Lotta. He took off his hat as he addressed Marie, and asked some question as to the absent one.

"She is waiting for you somewhere, Herr Crippel," said Fritz, as he filled Adela's glass with wine.

"For me?" said Herr Crippel, as he looked round. "No, she does not expect me." And in the mean time Lotta had left her seat and was hurrying away to the door.

"There! there!" said Marie, "you will be too late if you do not run." Then Herr Crippel did run, and caught Lotta as she was taking her hat from the old woman who had the girl's hats and shawls in charge near the door.

"What, Herr Crippel, you at Sperl's? When you told me expressly, in so many words, that you would not come! That is not behaving well to me, certainly."

"What, my coming! Is that behaving bad?"

"No; but why did you say you would not come when I asked you! You have come to meet some one. Who is it?"

"You, Lotta; you."

"And yet you refused me when I asked! Well, and now you are here, what are you going to do? You will not dance."

"I will dance with you, if you will put up with me."

"No, I will not dance. I am too old. I have given it up. I shall come to Sperl's no more after this. Dancing is a folly."

"Lotta, you are laughing at me now."

"Very well; if you like, you may have it so." By this time he had brought her back into the room, and was walking up and down the length of the saloon with her. "But it is no use our walking about here," she said. "I was just going home, and now, if you please, I will go."

"Not yet, Lotta."

"Yes; now, if you please."

"But why are you not supping with them?"

"Because it did not suit me. You see there

are four. Five is a foolish number for a supper party."

"Will you sup with me, Lotta?" She did not answer him at once. "Lotta," he said, "if you sup with me now you must sup with me always. How shall it be?"

"Always? no. I am very hungry now, but I do not want supper always. I cannot sup with you always, Herr Crippel."

"But you will to-night?"

"Yes, to-night."

"Then it shall be always." And the musician marched up to a table, and threw his hat down, and ordered such a supper that Lotta Schmidt was frightened. And when presently Carl Stobel and Marie Webber came up to their table,—for Fritz Planken did not come near them again that evening,—Herr Crippel bowed courteously to the diamond-cutter, and asked him when he was to be married.

"Marie says it shall be next Sunday," said Carl.

"And I will be married the Sunday afterwards," said Herr Crippel. "Yes; and there is my wife." And he pointed across the table with both hands to Lotta Schmidt.

"Herr Crippel, how can you say that?" said Lotta.

"Is it not true, my dear?"

"In fourteen days! no, certainly not. It is out of the question." But nevertheless what Herr Crippel said came true, and on the next Sunday but one he took Lotta Schmidt home to his house as his wife.

"It was all because of the zither," Lotta said to her old mother-in-law. "If he had not played the zither that night I should not have been here now."

MUSICAL GOSSIP.

London journals announce the appointment of Dr. Sterndale Bennett, late conductor of the old Philharmonic concerts, and long distinguished for his musical attainments, to be Principal of the Royal Academy there, with Otto Goldschmidt, Jenny Lind's husband, as Vice-Principal to aid him.

The festival at Gloucester, England, last year, was supposed to have been quite successful, but no official statement was made until recently, for some unexplained difficulty in making up the accounts. It now appears that extraordinary success awaited that musical festival, the receipts for tickets sold alone, counting up £3800; a very large sum for that occasion, to which donations were liberally added.

Moscheles, although driven from his official connection with music at Leipsic's conservatoire, allowed himself slight relaxation from work in London, for soon after taking refuge there from rude Prussian force, he got up at St. James's Hall, on July 30th, a grand concert to relieve the sick, wounded and suffering of all nations engaged in this present war, in conjunction with a Ladies' Association for that laudable object. Jenny Lind and spouse with Parepa had already proffered their services and brilliant performances were expected.

The *Illustrated London News* boldly declares that "Crispino e la Comare" was produced with great success at Gye's opera House, the excellent singing of Adelina Patti and Ronconi's admirable buffo, making that "trifle" very amusing.

Chorley avers in a resume of Mapleson's just concluded opera season, that with invariable managerial habit, transactions have drifted along there instead of moving with any definite purpose. This bad feature may, in part have arisen from the nature of his company, which is anything but an Italian one, and possibly from pretensions of his *prime*

donne. Not all the applause, bouquets and journalistic praise—not all the natural power of her magnificent organ—not all her gains—in finish and executive ability, he probably means—can raise Titiens to anything like equality as a singer or actress, with former Normas, Semiramides or Lucretia Borgias. In German music of a less ornate character, she is more at home, making a real impression in Gluck's "Iphegenia." He regrets that "Le Nozze" was not given, but cares little for "La Vestale's" non-appearance in that opera house, as the latter in spite of its splendid second act, is—dry. He declares Trebelli the best vocalist Mapleson has and his meteor singer—De Murska—is less bright than last season. Sinico he considers very available, because she spoils nothing and is the best comprimaria known to his long operatic experience. Mapleson's best men have been Gardoni, our invaluable Santley, and Rokitsansky. Something may be made of Stagno as his Pedrillo in "Il Seraglio" proves. Mapleson's band, chorus and scenic decorations have been sufficient and liberal, he admits. Passing to Covent Garden opera he caustically remarks, that Gye's policy becomes stranger and stranger year by year. He denounces the holding of "Le Nozze" back until his last two nights and producing "Crispino e la Comare" before it, as that opera is weak in music and founded on a strained and foolish story. The Ricci operas, besides, he says, never obtained favor in London, but all failed. "Corrado d'Altamura" was injuriously affected by extravagant claims set up for a prima donna—English, but made Italian by name—which provoked outrageous dissent from assertion that she was a second Malibran. "Crispino" produced no effect at St. James' Theatre, because of its utter inanity, and he considers that Gye has now duplicated his stupid blunder in producing "Stradella," by this last effort to make a sensation. He recurs to Sullivan's concert for unqualified praise of Jenny Lind's singing of the "Three Ravens" and to make that praise more galling in contrast, he bitterly sneers at poor Grisi for singing on at concerts, with two little ballads for her whole repertoire, as he asserts.

John Thomas' new cantata on a national subject will be performed at the Welsh festival in Chester, and Edith Wynne, pronounced by Chorley to be the most promising young English singer, is engaged for it.

Benedict's new work for the Norwich festival is a setting of the legend of "St Cecelia" to words by H. F. Chorley.

Emile Pressard gets the "Prize of Rome" at the Paris "Conservatoire" this year, for music which has received high praise from distinguished judges.

Music still displays herself in some parts of Germany, despite its distracted state from war's alarms. Italian opera is announced at Homburg, a grand concert at Wiesbaden, and concerts are promised at Baden-Baden. All these are summer pleasure haunts and their proprietors must keep the ball rolling.

The *London Review* says "Crispino" was scarce worthy of production at Gye's opera as the music and book are both weak and the story uninteresting, but admits the opera has vivacity, and that, with capital singing and acting makes it go off with animation, giving it a certain appearance of success to general minds. It considers the trio in third act the best piece and there Ronconi and Ciampi figured to great advantage. Patti's exquisite singing and acting dignified Annetta's role, but Rossini's

feeblest opera were preferable in that critic's opinion to "Crispino e la Comare."

The *Examiner* says "Crispino" was produced at St. James' Theatre eight or nine years since by an Italian opera buffo company with little success. They also gave another Ricci opera, "The Brewer of Preston," which for comic acting and singing is better suited to both Patti and Ronconi. That journal says, "Patti trills her sweetest in closing act first, dancing to 'La, Lara, Lara, la la.' A better comic trio is seldom heard than in act third, done with immense spirit by Ronconi, Ciampi and Capponi, Ciampi carrying off his full share of the honors. For that scene alone, the opera is worth going to hear." We have collated various critical opinions upon that comic opera because here it was so decided a favorite with all shades of critical opinion and public feeling.

Cavaile-Coll the celebrated Parisian organ-builder, who stands high in that capital and points with just pride to "La Madelaine" and "St. Sulpice" for proof that his fame is well deserved, has made a raid upon England by an organ recently constructed for St. Simon Stock, a catholic Church at Kensington, London. The *Review* praises it highly as illustrated by Archer of London, Guilment of Boulogne, and Wider of Lyons, and especially dwells upon Walker's pneumatic action there introduced, with notice of that inventor's career, which does not fully disclose his constant ill luck in obtaining recompense for the signal benefit conferred upon builders and players by the pneumatic action. Cavaile-Coll, it appears, now uses that invention, but he and Walker no longer agree in pecuniary interest. The organ which introduced Cavaile-Coll to English church use, is not a large one, having but two banks of keys and the scheme is quite a moderate show. Excellence is awarded to every part of it, by the *Review*, and in every point that journal pronounces it perfect. What consideration will be given it by rival organ-builders and scientific men generally or the uninitiated public there, remains to be seen, but distinguished organ-builders will scarcely admit its superiority to instruments which have been England's pride for years.

It has been supposed that New York managers of public entertainments surpassed all the world in announcements or glorification notices of their shows, but the Crystal Palace, London, management really surpasses their best efforts in that line. For example, they aver in a weekly programme that nearly two hundred thousand visitors have attended there from July 1st to 20th, and for Tuesday, July 24th, they make this grand announcement, "The great gathering of the National Temperance League. More than 30,000 attended last year's meeting, but as on this occasion, excursions to the Palace run from Cornwall, York, Lancashire, the South Coast, and every part of England, and as the amusements comprise every body and everything, there can be no doubt this will be a really great day. Etrardo, Great Fountain, Choral Concert of 3000 voices, Public Meetings, Balloon ascent by Coswell, &c., &c." Saturday's bill was, "A great ballad concert at 5 P. M. and Palace brilliantly illuminated until 10 P. M. Reeve, Miss Edmonds, Levy—cornet—Mm'e Goddard." On Saturday, July 21st, the last operatic concert took place, when Mozart's "Il Seraglio" and miscellaneous selections were sung by De Murska, Lavini, Sinico, Ennequist, Bettini, Gunz, Foli, Bossi, Rokitsanski, Tasca and Santley, with full chorus from Mapleson's opera house under Mann's direction. All for 5 shillings.

Mrs. Merest, a London vocalist has written two